

## **The Breakdown**

*by K. L. Rose*

There is beauty here  
In the mess of it all.  
Smashed and torn.  
Wet with tears and clinging to hope.

This is where I've prayed for peace,  
but haven't found it yet.  
So, I bathe even deeper in the chaos.  
Colors flood and waters surround.  
This place has seen me before.  
We are comrades.

My thoughts stir and the uncertainty rises.  
I start to panic as I beg for serenity.  
But then I remember,  
I must first,  
be here.

I make the most of my time in this place.  
Splattered paint and scratched words.  
I am known here.  
My art lines the walls of rock.  
I remember those tears.  
They were worth it.

No matter how uncomfortable it can be here,  
I still love it,  
in a way.  
Here is where my thoughts and emotions battle to make sense of their existence.  
Longing to understand.  
Here is where I become.

Good things come from this place.  
After all, there is beauty in the breakdown.

*Kayona Rose attends Olympia Monthly Meeting (NPYM)*